THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Dying Father.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

Storm in the hooded sky! The great clouds reel
Like plunging ships, before the furious blast,
With all their rich artillery out! And hark!—
The old wind groans beneath the fiery fire
Of Tempest-warriors. Shall it stand it so?
A mighty steed to pauser forth! A steed
Around whose path the troubled elements
Most fitly wait.

The dying man looked out
And as he saw the strife, his dull eyes beamed
With olden fire;—for, he upon the field
Had stood and seen his spear, from the ring
Of swords in battle met, when on his brow
The conquest lurked here, Then rising up,
He gazed upon his child with that fond look
Which but the strong man knows when Death hath pressed
His cold hand on the quivering heart.

"Come hither boy! while yet my eyes
Can see the beauty of thy form,—
For I am passing to there skies;
Most gallantly in winds and storms
Thee would I do!" my fearless soul
Rushes above the cable shroud,
As thou at home the battle-roll
From the discrepancies of the clouds.
It suits me well. I hear it all,
And like a warrior seek my pall.

Here! Here! cling closely to my side.
My own, my brave, my cherished child
For whom I dared the crimson tide,
With iron-arm, in battle wild
That iron on more can press thee, boy,—
The soldier soon must seek his rest
Where pride, ambition, sorrow, joy,
No longer can disturb his breast.
One only gift to thee I've made—
A precious one—thy father's blade!

Shrink not!—for glory lights us hith
Quail not! for honor points the way.
And never fear nor fear, that path
Can flourish in her splendid ray
Take! Take the gift, my heritage!—the laurel shines
For thee, on Fame's eternal throne;
Oh! use it well for other shrines—
But wear it on the brave alone.
And I, from yonder misty cloud,
Shall joy to make thy race sublime.

But would at thou utter sounds of fear
Amid the wild tempest's clamoring throng
Or breathe from minstrel's shouting lyre
The words of unmanly song?
Or through Creation lowly mount
With stars and planets at thy will,
And walk with Time the grand journey?
The verse! the prize remember still
Let Glory be the theme you sing!
Dare all! Dare all—to WIN A NAME!"

Even so he spoke, a lordly Eagle bore
His brave path through the storm—dripping nude
The serene cloud-like mountains it wraps
Right royally. He then commed on and on
Into the open—and the old man's head
And sternest his burning eye shot round
Defiance in the lightnings which in vain
Beset his path

With fingers pointed up,
The father threw a last look on his son—
And died! His funeral dirges sang the storm.
As he would make a hymn for his child,
The warrior-plume which he had worn of old.
The mustered-souls breathed mournfully

How strange
Is that o'er mastering passion of the heart,
By which a few Angels fell! And what may know
Its wondrous depths! It would be meet for
To sound you Sea of sorrow, whose mystic waves
Roll in on all shores! Yet both at off
A bar magnetic which the Gods might wear,
So that the demon-seed should be buried in
From its incursive eye. Oh! such the hue
Which the Archangel's cheek must have worn
Could not the father's mighty soul subdue.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Laced of Earth.

BY C. D. GARDE.

We cannot prize the loved too much.
For as the Summer flowers
We only now dare claim them such,
While Spring's gay hours
Light to the cloud,
That deck enslaved
The brightness of the day:
They come and go,
As gay as bright flies,
Sheds sunshine on their way.

To-day the rose blooms sweetly fair,
As if grief were a stranger for the moment here
To-morrow seek the spot, and there
You'll get the bud all sere!
And so perchance,
With careless glance,
Upon the save glad spot.
You'll turn away,
And sighing say,
How sadly changed thy lot

To Spring, all things are young and bright,
And hope and joy were ever true,
Now pleasant dreams come with the night,
And day brings pleasures new;
Now joy your till,
For soon, oh! chill,
The Autumn will reave
Hopes that with Summer flowers,
Smiles turn to tears,
And sorrows joy subdue

Oh! human hope, oh! human joy,
How soon ye pass away,
To regret our hearts, and child to lay,
Ere yet turn old and gray,
Ere yet in years,
And beauty, youth, and worth,
Must lay the head,
Upon the cold, cold Earth

We cannot then too highly prize,
The loved that Earth has given,
As Hope, and Joy, and Sorrow flies,
Like faded hues of Even;
The eye that gleams,
Must seek repose;
And tenderest love be dumb;
The sweetest soul,
Spurns Earth's control,
And seeks its rest in Heaven.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

To ——,

BY J. DORLIN, ESQ.

To thee a holy joy I bring,
In radiance, for an offering—
And what is fit for such a theme,
In magic verse of heart-felt grate
The ode—the query—or the song,
Whispered softenest to you Mary—
Will you listen to the tuneless spell,
And live in the care of a cruel shell?
In an ode on the canny sea,
Will you Mary live with me?

How many guests, such as men, have sought
To have the world agree their shoulders wide
King, conqueror, priest, and he whose work is thought;
And all in turn were tried, unproven, and died!
Yet yet the world is never fit to meets,
Because it longs suspended from these—Shelley

The Amateur Musician.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

Master Richard Doddlecombe is a pretty gentleman of some fifty years' experience among the fads and sharps of this chromatic world. He is a bachelor, "free from all incumbrances, and possessed of a genteel independency," as the old gentlemen say when they advertise for wives. A phrenologist might express surprise at the extraordinary development of the organ of time and tune, in the bumpital region of Mr. Doddlecombe's caput, were he unacquainted with the gentleman's devotion to the musical science—which the intelligent listener would conjecture the skull-ogist that the organ in question ought to form the chiefest portion of Mr. D.'s musicion—positive assertions among the knowing ones to the contrary, by the participation effecting his brain pan—he is in corresponding value to that supereminent affection displayed in his love towards "a concord of sweet sounds."

When Richard "was a little chubby boy," he one day strolled for fresh fun to his father's residence, bound by somnolent consisting from a cracked clarionet played upon by a broken-winded Quashbean, who was blind of one eye, and remarkably well dimpled with varioled. The genius of this Caledonian's bagpipe found a ready vibration in the chords of Dickey's heart-strings; he felt the influence of music in the blow

Dickey Doddlecombe soon longed for stronger food; "ratioing the hair of the horse against the bowels of the cat" was too gentle a exercise for the musical fury to go on his breast. "The performances of a rural bootman, who played "Southern Star" and "Land ho!" and the dreadful thunder" on an old revolutionary trumpet, determined, Dickey to go his death on brazen tubes, and a small valley instrument was purchased from a strolling man, who gladly received a horn of liquor in exchange.

Dickey soon drove his parents to the verge of madness by the violence of his lustle-toning exuberance—now used in vain; in spite of the excess of his angry mother's tattle, the headstrong boy continued to tootle. Old Doddlecombe was at last driven to the necessity of even tell before the daily blowing-up of his wife and the constant blowing-out of his son. He took to liquor; he was in a measure compelled to go to the tavern for a little peace, because he was not allowed a bar's rest at home. His trade fell off, and this circumstance broke the old gentleman's heart.

Dickey followed his father's body to the grave with no orthing heart, for he found his deficiency, and lamented as he walked in the funeral throng, that he was unable to play the Dead March in Saul upon the horn, as a fitting tribute to the melancholy occasion.

The musical mania raged with additional violence in Dickey's bosom as he became intimate with the scenery, and was able to criticise the merits of his military order by hearing a part in the musical meetings of his neighbors. His education had been sadly neglected for the attainment of this one great end. What was Greek in comparison to the gamut? cyphist to a sackbut? phy brought to a finger exercise? Nonsey's nothing to nonsense's workings? or the history of Rome to the execution of a rondo? Nothing. The seven notes were his seven stairways of heavenly communication—the musical scale formed his Jacob's ladder for heavenly ascension—and the stave was a five-barred gate that locked Elysium. Bars, change, and minims were her everyday acquaintances, and he charmed them over, or held on to them, according to their respective value in the scale of his engagements.

Mrs. Doddlecombe had a desire to be called genteel; she suggested to Dickey that the name Doddlecombe might to be proportionate and leaned at the property of southack. He confessed that he had no objection to a change of name, and the sentence parent determined to select his partner. Dickey was invited to a musical soirée at the home of Miss Diana Dialect, who was lately twenty-five years of age, and had been twenty-five in her own right. But Dicker offended her at their first meeting; the young lady was proud of her performance on the piano-forte, and loved to show off her skill in the presence of her friends. Dickey wished to exhibit his musical knowledge also, and, annoyed at the lady's presumption, frankly told her that she had better leave off, for she was only exposing her ignorance—taking his horn from his pocket, he blew a blast so long and loud and dread, that the ladies ran shrieking from the room. Dickey only ceased from his solo at the pressing importunity of the footmen, who gave him his hat and pointed to the door.

Dickey went in for fortissimo passages; as the Hoosier said on a similar occasion, "he gorned he wasn't up to their figger in the chromatics, but he'd swallow his standdier if he couldn't beat 'em on the load." As Dickey progressed in his music, the trumpet and the bugle became favorite instruments; and a rattle on the double drum gave a relish to the day's amusements. Often, like Eric, he was seduced by a serpent, and growled most humble music on the bassoon—to the great annoyance of his mother "never could abide" the serpent: the Frenchmen tunes were unsuitable to the old lady's ears, and seemed to her but horrids into fiddle strings, and positively turn her made out, as the old lady declared just before her death, which occurrence was doubtless hastened by the violence of her apoplectic-bile.

If my readers have ever seen Pigtore de Big-knees, or Bigwone, I forget which is the proper pronunciation of his name, in the character of a dreamer of an orchestra, dressed in a long morning gown, with a cap on his head, made of music paper, with the set of "All round my hat" written on it, he can form some idea of the musical fervor which effected our poor friend Doddlecombe, as he turned the gentle steamer of his life, and fell into the autumn path. He quarrelled with his best friend because he pleasantly demonstrated a valse trumpet a sort of a tenor trombone—he thought a duel with a pewter-pot was the proper satisfaction.

Dickey went a likeness of Paganini round his neck, supported by a single string of catgut—the string on which the incomparable secretive played his solo before the Emperor of Germany. Doddlecombe had been lately prosecuted for slander; he whispered, with a serious face, the important fact that John Smith had better stay at home and study, for he had a family method of fingering: The whisperee repeated the observation to a third person, with a slight difference, and by next day, John Smith was denounced as a pickpocket, on the authority of Master Richard Doddlecombe.

Dickey's devotion to harmony has sadly reduced his means and life; he has sold his houses to buy horns, and his fields to pay for fiddles; his bank notes have been taken into music paper, and substituted notes have reminded him no and empty sound. He has been turned out of endless lodgings for midnight practisings and compelled to endless wash-houses and jails as a nuisance and a noisy disturber of the peace—but the love of music cannot be quenched within him, for each succeeding opposition serves but to tighten his strings and produce severer tones.

Dickey felt that he was descending the hill, with grim poverty standing last in his face, which now began to assume somewhat of the sere and yellow leaf. He looked around for the means of deliverance, and cast his eyes upon the person and purse of an elderly spinster, Miss Tonkins, who had graciously bestowed her golden upon the performances of our hero. He popped the question, and was accepted; the day was fixed—and, as if to crown the glorious event, Dickey was offered a very profitable engagement at a series of morning concerts, about to be given by several eminent professors, under the most fashionable auspices. On the night preceding the day appointed for his marriage,

of the guests. His answer, after a little much compliment, silences him as follows:

"With all my admiration for your talents, Mr. Yet-loophole, I will not conclude that many of your friends in the account of Bull will close upon them a guinea for a dose a gentleman of your genius can frame so expert-ed to do. It is for this purpose that I employ Gumtion, and I am sure that every one of you will agree with me, you couldn't look an owl; I don't want to show you upon the world simply as names of a fruitland; and have made it a matter of little place with you will find your names recorded, and which will give you an interest of eighty pounds (pause) which you can double, I presume, by your honest labors.

"So," says I, clasping my hands behind me, and tilting back for Bellamy's sake, as I don't think of anything of the kind or drive me from your service because I have been fool enough to write in consequence! Gimme but one more chance, and I'll prove it; every system is as bright as a mirror; cockpowd to ignonime your shoes; your honor may see reflected in them the faces of every one in the country, if occasioned! I've forgot the time now in the litter men, and consulted to paper my re-misdemeanors of fashionable life, it was from a sincere desire to do good and promote welfare; and I appeal to your honor—I lay my hand upon my bosom, and in the face of this solid company I beg you to say—What you rarely your belt, who came to you fast? When you slept out till morning, who set up for you? When you put it, who forgot the digestion of his midnight oil, and answered the two-pole bell? O, sir," says I, "I knows what's what; don't send me away! I know them litter dodges, and I'll make you a fortune in a half a year. The work's not a not—but they is litter—the winds incomparably superior. I've had the times my things, and I can say a-sides, and you put clothes on a back, and meat in my mouth. No, Mr. Bullwig! isn't I right? Shall I gets up supper and sink—that is to say tie—on your?

Sarah Curran.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps
And lovers are around her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking;
Ah! little did they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lit'd for his love, for his country he died;
They were all that to life had entwin'd him—
Nor was death the worst foe he had met in his pride,
Nor long will he love my behind him.

Oh! weke her gently o'er the rudeness vast,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west
From her own loved island of sorrow.

The evening before Robert Emmet's death, Miss Curran was admitted into his dungeon to take her eternal farewell. He was leaning in a melancholy mood against the window of the prison, and the heavy clanking of his chains sunk dismally on her heart. The interview was intensely affecting, and sealed even the coldness and of the gaoler. As for Emmet himself, he wept and spoke little; but as he pressed his beloved in silence to his heart, his countenance betrayed his emotions. In a low voice, half choked by anguish, he besought her not to forget him; he wounded her of their future happiness, for the long past days of their childhood, and concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the scenes where their intimacy was spent, and through the world might repeat his name with score, to cling to his memory with affection. In parting, she turned round to look on him, and more on her widowed love. He caught her eye as she retired; it was but for a moment; and as the door closed on him, it informed her too surely that they had met for the last time on earth, but that they should meet in a better world, where none could not separate them.

The lovers lies with the desconsolated favor of a woman's form and only love. Through the world's maxim around died against him; when blasted in his manhood, disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate made him the more unfortunate, his fate for him, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image! Let those who have had the pertain of the tomb, recall the month of October. The once them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

The reader her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from her paternal roof. She could the sympathy of a friend—but friend retracted a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are proverbially a people of kind and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of sympathy and amusement to dissipate her grief, and remove her from the tragical story of her lover. But it was all in vain. There was some shadow of reflection of that search the soul—that penetrate to the most out of humanity. She never rejected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was no more than a spectre in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried within her an inward woe that withered all the blandishments of friendship, and "loaded not the song of the chorus, chaste he was an early."

On the occasion of a masquerade at the Rotunda, her friends brought her to it. There can be no exhibition of the gaze of motionless mere striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking as was and was-happen, as if it had tried in vain to chase the past hour it—to encounter unexpectedly at a corner. After strolling through the splendid rooms as an giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of a orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed immediately to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly taste, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of melancholy, that she drew a crowd, mute and silent around her and melted every one into tears.

The story of her as true and tender could not but excite great interest in a company remarkable for its sensibility. It completely was the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrecoverably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her importunities, but her esteem. He was assisted by her contemplation of his truth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the evident assurance that her heart was emotionally another's.

He took her with him to India, trusting that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and an exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the spirit and devouring melancholy that had entered upon her very soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

Foreign Literary Intelligence.

L. E. L.'s new novel, "Lady Anne Granard, or, Keeping up Appearances," is out with a few portions of the autobiography Flinders, Matthew, author of "Voyage of Waterloo, has published another, called "Heroes of Hadleian."

Mrs. Trollope has out two new novels, both well spoken of; one is called "The Ward of Thorpe Combe." Ainsworth's new Magazine is very popular. The following new works are out:—"Henry de Pomeroy," a novel, by Mrs. Bray; "De Mauley," a novel, by Lord Langdale; "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," by Aytoun; "The Life of Beethoven," by Moscheles. The third volume of Madame D'Arblay's Diary and Letters—"Sanbury Hall," by Mrs. Gore, with 31 plates. "Heroes of Waterloo," by Knight. "Visit to Waterloo with Walter Scott," by Lockhart. "Visit to Paris with Walter Scott," by author of "Carondelet." "The Foundling of Castle Wolfe," a Monolith tale, by John Henry. "Chronicles of England," a new metrical history, by George Saintsbury. "The Harbinger," by Mrs. Gore. "Veterans of Chelsea Hospital," by Grey. "Julian, or scenes in Judea," by the author of "Letters from Palestyra." "Fascination," edited by Mrs. Gore. "Napier's Excursions in the Mediterranean." "England in 1841," by Von Raumer. "The Queen's Magazine," with splendid illustrations. "The Expectant," by Ellen Pickering, authoress of "Mary Powell," "Parents and Principle," a novel by Captain Chamier. "The Lottery of Life," a novel, by Lady Emmington. "The School for Wives," by the authoress of "Temptation," "Calavel," by Ephemeral. "The Tradesmen," by the author of the "Fatalist." "Adventures of an Actor," by Theodore Hook. "Cunningham," a novel. "Dorimon," &c., by Mrs. Holford. "Popularity, and the Destinies of Women," by Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson. "Books and Readers," by Don Bernardo. "History of Dwelling," by Dr. Millinger. In addition to this, James, the novelist, has two new works out; one called "The Life and Times of Louis the 14th," and the other, "The Fight of the Fiddlers."

SATURDAY POST.

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GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1842.

A NEW VOLUME.

With this number, we open a new volume. We point to the past in confidence of the future. The fact that we have survived the first year of our existence, we have "braved the battle and the breeze" for twenty-five years, without losing our vacuum or enterprise, is a sufficient guarantee that we will still maintain our reputation.

We shall make important improvements during the present volume, both in our editorial strength, and in the mechanical execution of the paper. We shall give a regular series of Accurate stories from Mr. B. Lester, Esq.; besides one or more ORIGINAL NOVELS. The list of our contributors is stronger than that of any weekly in the country, as may be seen by a reference to the Prospectus in another column. A couple of original steel engravings will be given in the first page. Our News Department is always choice, and from our Monthly we are constantly extended. It is a notorious fact that the Post always contains more and better news than any weekly published in the United States. In a word, we may confidently say, that the Post, as a family and literary paper, is the most desirable journal issued in the country.

Sing!!

May! the merry May is here!—As we write, the sky has just cleared off from a three day's storm, and we can see, through our window, the white fleecy clouds sailing by in the sunny sky. And the clear notes of birds—strange sounds in a crowded city—thrill to our souls, reminding us of green fields, running waters, and the abandonment of nature. It was in the wood. It is the first clear day since May came in, if we except the bobolink, that we have heard the merry songsters of doubtless mingle with joyous expression of the narrow's sports, for as yet the grass is rent with the bonded rain drops, and you cannot walk in it without getting them down your feet on the earth. To-morrow !—aye! then there will be clusters where is the weeds from the wild flowers that will deck them, and the brightest and happy sunshine streaming through the green arcades where lately the wind roared with a sound like that of the overlashing surf, and the more fairer loved and open in the temple. Such a season has not been seen for years. Every thing is green. Every place is so full that, if a boy opens, we might play hide and seek in it. The forest trees have long ago dropped from their stems; and the orchards are in their prime full a week since, with their thick scattered snowy blossoms, looked like an enchanted garden, are now nearly bare. Long, long ago, the violets were blooming by the streams, and buttercups and daisies, and the other earlier wild flowers are carpeting the fields with glory. The lilacs have been in bloom a fortnight, and when the south wind stirs them, what a gush of fragrance is borne across the air! The woods are full of music. There are birds on every bough, and when the sun just fitted his last smile on the earth, and while the feeblest in cities are still abed, you may hear the forest echoes with their whistling and chirruping at every side, until the air seems transmuted into music, and your soul is, as it were, overborne with melody. And you will not wonder that we have been so long silent into memory, now imitating one note and now another, that we might have a faint idea of the richness of the whole. Let us then sing along the side of a wood on a bright morning in early May, and hear the wind dallying with the trees above, and rattling the few dried leaves around him, without feeling the full force of Percival's sweet litter song on May. Let us give it.

I feel a new heaven tide o-ver every pole.
The winds, that fan the dewness,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sod.
Of hours that glide adieu and
Beneath the sod May.

The spirit of the gentle south-wind rolls
From his litter throne of air,
And where he goes the bloom of flowers or moor fall.
Beauty is building there.
The bright stone of the valley brook
The waving vesture rolls along the plain.
And the wide forest waves,
The sunlight laughs upon the forest again.
A canopy of leaves
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May.
The young and the tender
With the light dallying of the west-wind play;
And the full-brimming floods,
Hail the returning sun.

Heigh ho!—we have been long in imagination, inclosed one old tree, upon a hole but familiar bench, while a little nondescript rascal, with a face like a blackamoor, and a clutch like a young eagle's, has been sweating our waking from our rhapsody, and at last, worn out in patience, has aroused us by bawling, "cop!—copy!—cars!" Take it, you commoner, and begone!

Earthquake in London.

The agreement and recollection of the great English metropolis have been in a fright for several months, in anticipation of a projected earthquake which was expected to come off in the course of April, and the clear knot has written a humorous paper on the subject, which we have not room to read to have left the city in contemplation of the earthquake. The letter is supposed to be two ancient prophecies existing in England, foretelling that London would be destroyed by an earthquake. The amusement of the curious we quote the prophecies. The first one was pronounced, or professes to have been pronounced by Merlin as far back as 1803. It is certainly of great antiquity. The prophecy is recorded in the Hedwian Collection. British Museum, 8,000, folio 219.

"In eighteen hundred and forty-two
Four things the sun shall view
London's rich and famous town
Hungry earth shall swallow down.
Stones and rain in France shall be.
The river never more to be
Spain shall be rent in twain.
And former water flow land again
So say I the Monk of Dree.
"In the year of our Lord one and three."

The other prophecy was spoken by the eccentric Dr. Dee, the celebrated astrologer, in 1588. This index deaf was one of the most remarkable men of his age. Many curious and incredible, yet well authenticated circumstances are recorded of him, and we do not wonder that his still superstitious consequences looked on him as a man having power over the invisible world. Here is the prophecy taken from a MS. in the British Museum.

"The Lord have mercy on this land and three."
Prepare yourselves for dreadful fall
Of house and land and houses and.
The summon of your sun in fall
In the year one, eight and forty-two,
Of the year that is so new,
In the third month, of that season,
The latter in a day or two between,
Perhaps ten 'll must be stiff and cold
Once 'l tempest, be not sweet and bold,
The mighty kings of the east and west
The crown to pass, as my names Dee."

According to Dr. Dee's prophecy the earthquake was to have taken place on the 11th of March; but as there was no earthquake, so will be seen on reading his lines—should have come to pass on the 11th, a day or two of the 14th of March, and for the difference between the old and new styles of the calendar, which was corrected by Gregory. But we have all more than London up to the 1st of April. So we are not trouble for the good people of the great metropolis, in spite of the Monk of Dree and Dr. Dee, their fears are groundless. Dr. Dee, there will be no earthquake to shake the good folks of London out of their fight.

A Shaving Shop.

When either a man's pocket or his chin has to be cleared, it is a comfort for him to know that the process or dental will be done handsomely, as the subject is just to be done and by the handsome.

Now our tonsor is as good as another, but barbers are altogether a different race. Our friend Nickson, in Ninth street, near Sixteen, is the best shaver of chins whose mouths are ever out under. He has such an insinuating way with respect to one's beard, that he cannot it out "all yet, all yet." He is a big shaver himself, but has a shop in other full of little shavers, who come there to be a-their bones cropped in Mr. Nickson' shaving way. He is very particular in managing the little fella-

The Temperance Cause.

The Temperance Cause is progressing with great strides. Its advocates, who a few years since, numbered but few, now number their tens of thousands. Whether a real do-good cause, that does indeed some new triumph of its friends. It has done more to elevate the condition of the human race than any thing since the days of Christ, and as an ethic intelligence combined, and to the conduction of a family dear divided to the advancement of temperance principles. The only valley is a most lovely spot. The lofty mountains, which overshadow it, render it delightfully cool during the heat of summer. The valley is surrounding country. The inhabitants of the interior industrious people, whose exemplary virtues of the Temperance Cause. Many of them have signed the pledge against the use of intoxicating drinks, they dismissed the gods for their instruction to the house of their servants, and raised their voices in the sacred hymn of the sanctified favour of festivities with which, to the sounds of music, they retired. Here all assembled from all parts to witness the ceremony of the assembling of the government and the inauguration of the newly elected officers. At 10 o'clock, a procession, civil and military, was formed of great length, to escort the Governor and members of the Legislature elect, to a building prepared for the meeting. After the ceremonies reached the building, both houses were promptly organized, by the choice of the necessary officers, Dudley J. Pearce being temporarily in the Chair. After the necessary arrangements were made without interruption, Mr. Dorr, the Governor elect, was inducted into office, and immediately delivered his inaugural, a document embracing our page of a large newspaper.

The message briefly reviews the proceedings which have taken place since the last session of the Legislature, the character of the old charter, and the nature of the proposals which have been made for the last century to get rid of the restrictions on the right of suffrage. The attempts, he says, all failed through the opposition of the landholders, until the people called a convention and framed the present constitution, which was submitted for adoption by the people, and by the vote of the majority of the formation of the Constitution and of the subsequent adoption by the people is briefly detailed, but he omits to mention the unfair and illegal proceedings, they are familiar to our readers. There are now two governments in Rhode Island. "Happy" how acute than ever. If both parties persevere, a collision must, and will at last take place. Why cannot the factions be compromised at once? Surely a few very great difference exists between them now on the right of suffrage.

The Providence Journal of Tuesday afternoon, gives a more detailed account of the procession and organization of the new government.

The procession was formed at the Hoyle Tavern, and which was marched through Main and Benefit streets, and back to an unfinished building on the Dexter street lot, intended for a furnace and foundry. The ground to be a hollow, containing about 4,000 men, 67 guns, and 137 swords; 84 were on horseback, but were not armed.

Every thing went off quietly. No disposition was manifested to take possession of the Court House, or other of the State property.

The streets were very crowded, and much excitement prevailed.

A letter was received from the Secretary of War, denying the statement made in the Express, that the President had changed his views, and was disposed to favor the Dorr movement.

The Providence Journal is the organ of the old government, while the Express is the organ of the new.

The charges of treason against Governor Dimond, and Governor Fenner, are of course dropped.

Much fears of the boss marched Blood-Thirsty Jubilee, Jared Woonsocket evening, o'clock; came.

"The new government, under the charter, was organized with the usual forms and ceremony, in this town to-day. After the organization was completed, the two houses marched in procession, being in a state of session, to the Senate Chamber, where his brother and fifty-one other citizens were admitted to the floor—all cordially greeted. One hundred of the unfortunate captives were locked together. He offered himself as one of the prisoners, and requested to be placed in the room of Mr. Kendall was confined entirely apart from the others. The object of raising the military force in Mexico is said to be in order to bring under subjection the local district that the defendant's trial in their own town, and, after a hearing, he was discharged.

The Grand Duke Nicholas, Alexander Brownie, and Augustine Stevenson, were elected Trustees of the Northern Liberties Gas Works, by the Board of Commissioners, chairman of the corporation.

A short forty midshipmen are now in the school at the U. S. Marine Asylum, on the Schuylkill, preparing for the Naval service. The period for the examination which is to take place in June.

On Monday and Tuesday we had a north-east. On Wednesday there was a fresh south-west. On Thursday it cleared off beautifully. So much for the opening of May.

The Ohio Legislature has opened the summer campaign in earnest upon the beautiful linden trees, in different parts of the city, and are destroying the leaves rapidly.

The Grand Jury had orders have been removed to branch the frigate Raritan, and to the stocks at our light. Engraving.

Union Bank, N. Y. Capital $1,000,000.

Jefferson County Bank, Pa. Capital $100,000.

Bank of Commerce, Pa. Capital $1,000,000.

Mechanics' Bank, Pa. Capital $1,000,000.

Girard Bank, Pa. Capital $1,000,000.

Farmers' Bank, Pa. Capital $1,000,000.

Franklin Bank of Philadelphia. Capital $1,000,000.

Bank of Chester County, Pa. Capital $1,000,000.

Bank of Pittsburgh. Capital $1,000,000.

Manufacturers' Bank, Pa. Capital $1,000,000.

Bank of Pittsburgh. Capital $1,000,000.

Bank of Pittsburgh. Capital $1,000,000.

Bank of Pittsburgh

SATURDAY POST.

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Agents will please endorse their letters with their names as well as offices.

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Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if discharges are not made.

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Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to an extra copy.

Remittals must always state the Post-office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Bank Note List.

BANK NOTE LIST,

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS.

No. 52 Third Street.

Philadelphia, May 7th, 1842.

PENNSYLVANIA.		NEW YORK.	
Philadelphia banks.	par	New York City.	1 dis
Farmers' banks.	par	Lower Canada.	10 dis
Mech. and Mer. bk.	1 dis	State Stock Bonk's Co.	do
Montgomery county	1 dis	Commercial Bank of	
Penn Township banks	1½ dis	Lake Erie.	5 dis
Bank of Chester co.	1 dis	Mechanics' and Farmers'	
Bank of Delaware co.	1½ dis	Bank, Albany.	1 dis
Bank of Germantown.	1 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Delaware co. at Chester, par		Mechanics' and Farmers'	
Chester co. at Bank's par		Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Montgomery county, par		Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Farmers' bk. Reading, par		Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Farmers bk Reading, 10 dis		Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Lancaster, par		Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Lancaster bank,	10 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Farmers bk Lancaster, 10		Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Lebanon.	10 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Harrisburg.	10 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Middletown.	8 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Carlisle.	10 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Columbia Bridge.	8 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Columbia Bank & Br.	10 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Wyo. Bk. Wilkesbarre.	10 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Pitts. Allegh. banks.	par	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Brownsville.	10 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Carrollton.	5 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Uniontown.	5 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Washington.	5 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Towanda.	10 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
York.	10 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Gettysburg.	10 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Middletown.	10 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Wyoming county.	25 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Northumberland.	10 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Brownsville.	10 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Broken notes.	10 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Bucks county bank.	60 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Honesdale.	10 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Bk Susquehanna co.	15 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Bank of Gettysburg.	10 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Lumb's bk Warren co.	sale	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Bank of Pittsburg.	1 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Washington City.	1 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Georgetown.	1 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Farmers & Mechanics.	1 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Alexandria.	1 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Bank of Alexandria.	broke	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Mechanics bank Alex.	broke	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Bank of Potomac.	1 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Merchants bank.	1 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
MARYLAND.		Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Baltimore city banks.	par	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Frederick.	1 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Hagerstown.	1 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Middletown.	1 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Westminster.	1 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Williamsport.	10 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Easton.	1 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Towanda.	10 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Franklin bank.	30 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Susquehanna.	broke	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Middletown.	broke	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Wyoming county.	25 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Northumberland.	10 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Brownsville.	10 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
Broken notes.	10 dis	Mechanics' Bank, Troy.	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Silent Sexton.

[Dan Bourke, Ellen Bourke.]

'Twas very young in pain—
To-and-fro forth, last Thursday night,
With such a kind color!
Thy sullen'd corpse soon in my heart,
And, cold, they summer-three,
Imposing dreams of time, alas!
I ne'er may hope to chase.

Eliza Bourke, you kind-y your hand
On the bright moon-fo ces,
And flit or loudly forgive again,
That I so soon should leave
Ah, whether it was fifty'd or fifty,
It never than I can tell—
But, alas it' smooth'd a foolish heart,
Alas! I know not well.

But why should I confession make
To indifference or scorn?
Heaven only should to hearts confess,
And there is pure, I ween.
Well, be it so, that I shall not weep—
And tingling's all in vain—
I'll keep my heart in its ice long hours,
Till these crosses again.

THE END.

A Kiss in the Dark.

The Cleveland Herald tells what happened to what we suppose to be the breath of another young gentleman. It is a regular Virginia break-down.

A young lady and gentleman were one evening playing the "kissers," and those acquainted with the sport know that when the gentleman throws the lamp or puts over the head of a lady he has a right to a kiss. After playing some time the gentleman threw the rug over the head of the lady, and he started for the kiss. He ran and put out the light, went out of the room into the kitchen and told the colored girl to go into the parlor and light the lamp, and to open the door very quietly and make as little noise as possible. The girl did as she was ordered. Mr. ——— was standing near the door for a "good one" as soon as the servant girl entered the room, he caught her and kissed her, and in a moment he heard Mr. ——— behind her hands and laughing most heartily, because Mr. ——— kissed the cook.

Gentlemen should be careful about kissing the ladies in the dark.

Farmers' Wives in Olden Time.

The duties of farmers' wives in England in olden times, were somewhat different from their multifarious ones in the case in this country during the present age. In the reign of Henry VIII., the A. s. Finlayson wrote a treatise, entitled "The Book of husbandry," in which he says:

"It is a wyve's occupation to wynnow all manner of corne, to make malte, to serche and wrynge, to make beyre, shere corne, (reap,) and in time of nede to helpe her husbande to fill the mucke bayne, to drive the plough, to lead hay, corne and malt other, to sell by ye gate to ye market and set butter, cheese, milk, eggs, chickyns, capons, hennes, yrygges, geese, and all manner of corne.

A strong, hearty, bay fellow, who prefered hugging for a precocious subscriber to meeting for a sermon, called at the house of Mr. Arthur Scott, Marion county, and, in the usual language of his race, asked for "cold victuals and old clothes." "You appear to be a stout, lusty looking man," said the former, "what do you do for a living?" "Why, not much," replied the fellow, "except occasionally, from one year's end to another." "Travelling about ha!" rejoined the farmer; "can you travel pretty well?" "O yes," returned the surly beggar, "I'm pretty good as that." "Well, then," said the farmer, coolly opening the door, "*let's see you travel.*"

A fellow stole a horse near Peoria, Illinois, and after considerable difficulty and a long chase into Iowa Territory, he was caught and brought back. The narrators of the affair and regions adjacent to the Peoria Register a subject for his leading article of a full column and a half—which he can have by going down to the office. The prisoner's counsel at the trial will doubtless complain of this article and say we have endeavored to prejudge and influence the public mind. But we are not to be choused out of a good article by such an empty-fisted charge.

The Boston Post, whose taste in such matters is said to be implicit, has written a dissertation upon the curling of dog tails. The conclusion which he comes to is the following: "The proper way for a dog's tail to curl, is over in a handsome round curl, resting gently on the back. Tails should never curl under, tightly, or run out straight a few inches, and then curl over like that of a sickle-blade. Some dogs wag their tails, to greater perfection, but the custom is nearly obsolete."

The true secret of immense learning lies in the mastery of a few principles, and then in the steady, determined application of them to a given subject, till it is conquered; and the persons thoroughly disciplined in early youth, are nearly the only persons that can do. These persons have a foundation of immovable rock, and that foundation will sustain any superstructure of any material and of any height.

Sharon Jones, the great financier, once fought a duel in Rhode Island, and the Governor issued a proclamation for his apprehension. Sharon having returned to Virginia, issued a counter proclamation for the apprehension of the Governor, but was checked by saying that the next time he should have occasion to fight a duel, he should not be in the Governor's little trifling State—*small fight sorree it!*

Sheridan is reported to have once fallen into a coal-cellar on his way home after a good supper at Drury Lane; and his sense of the vendor for not keeping a light at the cellar-door was wonderfully assisted by the wit. "Hang it," cried Sheridan, who was not much hurt, "why can't they keep a confounded sour apple at the door?" he returned the wench, "but your nose may set the coals on fire."

An old lady who had remitered her nineties last year, was asked by a sprightly miss in her teens, at what period of life ladies lost all relish for gallantry. To which the ancient matron, with a significant look, replied: "Indeed, my child, you must put the question to some one older than I am."

Peter says there is a man out in Arkansas so tall that he keeps his head against the north star, and his feet in the south—at which rubbing it against the Milky Way—and on one occasion had his eyebrows singed by coming in contact with the ball of a comet.

At a recent village debate in Vermont, the question "Ought a young man to foller a gal, arter she gives him the mitten?" was fully argued *pro and con*—and then the President decided "*that he hadn't orter.*"

It was held by his honor, Judge Williams, in the Suffolk Court of Common Pleas, on Wednesday, that it is not a crime in Massachusetts to be a burglar, and consequently to call a man so is not actionable.

A gentleman, travelling in Ireland asked a fellow-traveller an inquiry of distance, to which the reply was thence went no further than Lisburn: she replied, "Indeed it does not, but it comes back again."

The Cincinnati physician being referred to him that he was dying "by inches," he thanked heaven he was not so tall by a foot and a half as the Thomas Hamilton.

The Dedham (Mass.) Patriot says a girl called on a lady in Medfield a short time since, relating a situation as a chambermaid. She gave her age as seventy-seven years.

"If a man has black eyes, and a pimple on his nose, how long will it take him to win the heart of his lady, supposing him mutually inclined?" Never tried!"

"I shall be *forever indebted* to you, if you make me a suit of clothes by Saturday night."

"Heaven forbid!" replied the tailor.

The Emperor of China has reported the shortest for strangling the wrong subjects in mistake, and requests them not to do so in future.

"Say there fellow is it not possible how great a task he undertakes—for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

"Come out here and *Fit* kick the whole op you," at the bar yard, was he used a little tall of eager critic in a shop window.

Why are a company of soldiers like Lazzler the physiognomist? Because they *call related faces.*

"That's *just as I please*" re the prisoner said was they asked him if he was guilty or not guilty?

Why is a Methodist minister more sure and fast like a fashionable visitor? He can't make calls.

Why are sunbeams called (bridal) parties? Because folks generally get *hit* by them.

"I've got a cancer on my back," as the sun said was it was going to sneeze the frame.

"I've lost my *line*," as the man said was his side and was going to shave.

"By Jupiter," as Mars said was they asked him where he was going.

EDUCATION.

BY MRS. DORSEY V. COFFAR.

We have the pleasure of laying before our readers the address of Mrs. Coffar, President of the R. T. Conference, delivered before the Edinboro Society of the University of Pennsylvania. It will be a rich treat to all who have the pleasure to hear it.

[Reported for the Saturday Evening Post.

Every moment of life has its demon, its avatar of time and space is accessible, and I hope, perhaps, more than any; still it may be doubted whether the earlier stages of our existence are not more practical and laborious than those of after life. Youth has many models for emulation and these opposite to minds and frames which invite, to the copies thereof, and the spirit of youth with a spark-like alacrity, unknown to the broad cheer of advanced life. They who trust it as a season spanned only by rainbow hope, and dressed in gorgeous robes of fancy, but in the mere mockery of its cure and labors. It is the season of practical exertion, and as such, I will endeavor to consider its duties, with a single and frank feeling.

However much we may have done in our academic hours, who cannot to them without a pang for that which was left undone? It is, as in all things, the greatest profligacity accompanies the greatest wealth. The most wonderful creations of early intellect are covering those to whom fortune has been a step-dame, and who were formed like Prometheus, to snatch, with a furtive hand, the celestial fire from heaven. "Heart are the sons of adversity" and kind science would, from the reach of affluence, those glorious spirits who, like Hercules in his infancy, struggled with the early influences of a hostile fortune, it may be doubted whether they would not have been found indolent and man-consumed. Even the pangs finds a balm, and the heart-ache a cure, in the fruits when in her cypress she flies, or in her anger repulses him. Even the stern regret that we "cannot be young" yet how compensating! meagre and worthless have been its fruits. The golden mean of our literature has been mined from the dwelling place of truth, hoisted into shape by those who wrought for bread. Leisure and ease reap the mind. As a general rule, those have most leisure who are most accomplished. The idleness of the rich and into activity by imperative duties fills up, with profit, the thinnest of time is by; while the healers and natural spirit of the poor is given for acquirement in vain for the moment of inspiration and action. Cæsar addressed from his camp in the midst of the Britains a series of Tully; and Tully himself composed his works, in the hurry of a life crowded with the most important duties.

The regret which follows early opportunities neglected is the regret of a life, for it is irreparable. In this country, the current of life is for the most part, too fast and time to repair the deficiencies of the past. The present hour is omnipotent, and careless of the past or future, demands a homage entire and undivided. It will not restore our steps to the groves of the academy. We cannot leave the field even to put on our neglected armour. We must go to the conflict, in the dress of the day and with the short-comings of youth. The mind is as framed by the great world to grow for acquirement within its walls. The youthful mind receives impressions with the rapidity, and retains them with the fidelity, of the steel impressed by the lightning upon the magnetic needle, and stands the light and dulls the soul, until at length, the mind becomes the mirror of the passing lights and shadows of life. The memories of our land's history and mind are those of boyhood.

It is too generally believed that a profound and extensive acquirement is the necessary have than in England—but in no country are the objects of the intellect so lofty as here, and to a divine acquirement it is made in ample. In Europe, most men are educated for the rank in which they are born; they aim at a defined point in a defined sphere, and if they attain it, live and die there. Here the strata of society are pervious; and he who aspires must be fitted to sill, and rise through all. And this is the fact, the glory of our country, and the secret of its